

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 27.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., NOVEMBER 12, 1868.

NO. 33.

Published by Theodore Schoch.
TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents, will be charged.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements of one square of eight lines or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

JOB PRINTING,
OF ALL KINDS,
executed in the highest style of the Art, and on the most reasonable terms.

M. D. COOLBAUGH,
Sign and Ornamental Painter,
SHOP ON MAIN STREET,
Opposite Woolen Mills,
STROUDSBURG, PA.

Respectfully announces to the citizens of Stroudsburg and vicinity that he is prepared to attend to all who may favor him with their patronage, in a prompt and workmanlike manner.
CHAIRS, FURNITURE, &c., painted and repaired.
PICTURE FRAMES of all kinds constantly on hand or supplied to order.
June 11, 1868.—ly.

DRS. JACKSON & BIDLACK,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
DRS. JACKSON & BIDLACK, are prepared to attend promptly to all calls of a Professional character. Office—Opposite the Stroudsburg Bank.
April 25, 1867.—tf.

C. W. SEIP, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
STROUDSBURG, PA.
Office at his residence, on Main Street, nearly opposite Marsh's Hotel.
All calls promptly attended to. Charges reasonable.
Stroudsburg, April 11, 1867.—tf.

DR. D. D. SMITH,
Surgeon Dentist,
Office on Main Street, opposite Judge Stokes' residence, STROUDSBURG, PA.
Teeth extracted without pain. August 1, 1867.

A Card.
Dr. A. REEVES JACKSON,
Physician and Surgeon,
BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HAVING returned from Europe, he is now prepared to resume the active duties of his profession. In order to prevent disappointment to persons living at a distance who may wish to consult him, he will be found at his office every **THURSDAY** and **SATURDAY** for consultation and the performance of Surgical operations.
Dec. 12, 1867.—ly.

W. W. PAUL, J. D. HOAR.
CHARLES W. DEAN,
WITH
W. W. PAUL & CO.
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES.
WAREHOUSE,
623 Market St., & 614 Commerce St.
above Sixth, North side,
PHILADELPHIA.
March 19, 1868.—tf.

Itch! Itch! Itch!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
USE
HOLLINSHED'S ITCH & SALT RHEUM OINTMENT.
No family should be without this valuable medicine, for on the first appearance of the disorder on the wrists, between the fingers, &c., a slight application of the Ointment will cure it, and prevent its being taken by others.
Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded.
Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by
W. HOLLINSHED,
Stroudsburg, Oct. 31, '67.] Druggist.

BEEF,
IRON AND PURE BRANDY,
BY **DR. HARTMAN,**
Regular Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.
It will positively cure Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and all diseases of the Lungs or Bronchial Tubes.
It has been the means of RESTORING THOUSANDS to health who have been given up beyond the reach of medical assistance. It does more to relieve the Consumptive than anything ever known. Unequaled strengthener for delicate Ladies and Children. EACH BOTTLE CONTAINS THE NUTRITIOUS PORTION OF TWO POUNDS OF CHOICE BEEF.
The cure of Consumption was first effected by the use of RAW BEEF and BRANDY in Russia, afterwards in France, in which countries I have travelled for years.
I have used it with perfect success in my own family. In presenting this preparation to the public I feel confident that every afflicted one who reads this (even the most skeptical) may become convinced, by a single trial that it is truly a most valuable medicine.
Circulars and medicines sent to any address. Price \$1 per bottle—six for \$5.
Laboratory 512 South Fifteenth Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Wholesale Agents, French, Richards & Co., Tenth and Market streets; Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street; R. Shoemaker & Co., Fourth and Race streets, Philadelphia.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Cheep Feed.
GRAIN AT 25 CENTS PER BUSHEL.
Apply at the BREWERY,
July 30, 1868.—tf.] East Stroudsburg.

Majorie's Almanac.

Robins in the tree tops,
Blossoms in the grass;
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringed elm and larch—
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard,
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses, faint with sweetness,
Lilies, fair of face;
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that Summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn patch
Whistling negro songs;
Passy by the hearth-side,
Rumping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes,
Burning through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon—
Don't you think that Autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes
Dancing in the flue,
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and fire-light,
Shadows come and go;
Merry chimes of sleigh bells,
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother's knitting stockings,
(Pussy's got the ball)—
Don't you think that Winter's
Pleasanter than all?

Things That I Have Seen.

I have seen a farmer build a house so large, that the sheriff turned him out of doors.
I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant and die in an insane asylum.
I have seen a farmer travel about so much, that there was nothing at home worth looking after.
I have seen a rich man's son begin where his father left off, and end where his father began—penniless.
I have seen a young girl marry a young man of dissolute habits, and repent of it as long as she lived.
I have seen the extravagance and folly of children, and their parents to poverty and want, and themselves into disgrace.
I have seen a prudent, industrious wife, retrieve the fortunes of a family, when her husband pulled at the other end of the rope.
I have seen a young man who despised the counsel of the wise and advice of the good, end his career in poverty and wretchedness.
I have seen a man spend more in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence.
I have seen a man depart from the truth, when candor and veracity would have served him a much better purpose.
I have seen a man engage in a lawsuit about a trifling affair that cost him more in the end, than would have roofed all the buildings on his farm.

A Western paper contains the following advertisement: "Wants a situation, a practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a profession in any of the academies. Has no objection to teaching ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences. Is particularly suited to act as pastor to a small evangelical or local preacher. He would have no objection to from a select class of interesting young ladies to instruct in the branches. To a dentist or a chiropodist he would be invaluable, as he can do almost anything. Would cheerfully accept a position as bass or tenor singer in a choir. Would board with a family, if pious. For further particulars inquire at Brown's Saloon."

An exchange in speaking of absent mindedness, tells a remarkably tough story. Of a bachelor friend it says: "He is in the habit, when he comes to his room in the evening, of putting his tea-kettle on the stove and himself lying down on the lounge and taking a snooze until the kettle begins to sing, when he would get up and make his tea. The other evening, being a little prostrated on account of old Simpkins' daughter 'cutting' him on the street, he put the kettle on the lounge and got upon the stove himself, and never discovered his mistake until he began to sing."

A traveler was boasting of the luxury of arriving at night after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-kept ham and the left leg of a goose.
"Pray, sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?"
"Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg that is left, and that you have no right to it."

What's The Matter With That Nose.

Snyder kept a beer saloon some years ago "over the Rhine." Snyder was a ponderous Teuton, of every irascible temper, sudden and quick in quarrel—Get mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for the boys—partly because of the excellence of his beer, and partly because they liked to chafe "old Snyder" as they called him; for although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing, and it was explained by his "frow," who "jerked the beer" that day, that he had "gone out fishing mit ter boys." The next day one of the boys who was particularly fond of roasting old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" said the seller.
"I been out fishing mit der boys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis, "de sun it pesse hot like ash der tifeel, unt I punns my nose. Nice nose, dont it?" And Snyder viewed it with a look of comical sadness in the little mirror back of his bar. It entered at once into the head of the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a joke upon Snyder, so he went out and called half a dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop in at the saloon one after another and ask Snyder what's the matter with that nose. "I see how long he would stand it. The man who put the job went in first with a companion, and seating themselves at a table called for beer. Snyder brought it to them, and the new comer exclaimed as he saw him: "Snyder what's the matter with your nose?"

"I just tell you friend here I peen out fishing mit ter boys, unt de sun he burnt em—zwi lager—den cents all right."

Another boy rushes in. "Hallo, boys, your'r ahead of me this time," sposes I'm in though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret—(appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looks wonderingly a moment, and then bursts out laughing)—ha! ha! ha! Why, Snyder,—ha-ha!—whats the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose, or having it laughed at, and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic:

"I've been out fishin' mit der boys unt de sun just so hot like ash der tifeel, unt I punnt my nose; dat ish all right."

Another tormenter comes in, insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house. "Snyder," says he, "fill up the boys glasses and take a drink yourself—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! Snyder, what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner—"I peen out fishin mit ter boys on der leeble Miami. The sun pesse hot like ash der tifeel, unt I burn my bugle. Now, dat is more vot I don't got to say: Not god of persons? That is all right; I punn my own nose, dont it?"

"Burn your nose—burn all the hair off your head for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose, for he was trumping about behind his bar and growling like an xasperated old bear in his cage. Another of his tormenters walked in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"
"Don't care about my beer," says Billy, "but Snyder, you may give me one of your best cigars—Ha-a-a! ha! ha! ho! ho! he! he! ha-ha! Why—why, Snyder, what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by that time, his face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arms aloft to emphasize his word with it, he fairly roared:

"I've peen out fishin mit ter boys. The sun it pesse hot like ash der tifeel. I punnt my nose; Now you no like dese nose, you just take dese nose unt wr-wr-wr-wr your tam American finger wit em! That's the kind of man vot I am!"
And Snyder was right.

DR. FRANKLIN'S TOAST.

Long after the victories of Washington over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors, when as nearly as the precise words can be recollected, the following toasts were drunk:

England—The Sun, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth.

The French Ambassador filled with national pride, and being too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank the following:

France—The Moon, whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness beautiful.

Dr. Franklin then rose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said:
George Washington—The Joshua who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they obeyed him.

Josh Billings was not ten miles out of the way when he flung this off—"Men who have a great deal to do with hosses seem to demorillise far more than the hosses dus."

Interesting from Alaska.

A letter dated St. Paul's Harbor, Rod-rack's Island for an officer of the U. S. revenue steamer Wyanda, says: We examined, on our way to this place, all the harbors of note on the coast; have found several places where coal could be mined at a profit on a small capital. In fact this country is full of coal, but a great deal of it of an inferior quality—the only good feature that I have seen so far in Alaska. Upon the whole, I think the Government has an elephant in this seven million purchase.

The Indians who inhabit this country are a most indolent race, particularly the southern tribes; but as we advance to the northward and westward their dispositions appear to change, owing no doubt, to their intercourse with the Russians, as many of them have been converted to the Catholic faith. Far as we have gone the natives seem to be delighted by the change of Government; but I fear it will do them no good, as the traders are introducing "rum" among them, which has proved a curse to all men. During the winter months the natives are employed trapping the fur animals, which abound in this country.

The natives live in a most miserable manner, their principal food being whale meat, seal, and salmon; their houses are filthy, and they are filthy in person; their clothing consist principally of furs of the poorest quality as they sell all of the best skins to the traders. In fact but very few old persons among them, most of them dying under forty, principally with consumption. It is constantly raining during the summer months, and snowing during the winter.

At this place, on an island in the harbor ice is collected to supply the San Francisco and China markets, the only business that pays in these regions. The weather, during the summer months, is anything but pleasant, raining most of the time, but very little wind; during the winter months it is very cold, and the winds are very severe. I am told by parties living here it is hardly safe for a person to venture out during a gale.

We are now awaiting the arrival of our coal, when we will proceed westward to Ounalaika, Bristol Bay, Northern Sound, and through Behring Straits to the most northern part of our possessions in the Arctic Ocean. We are in hopes of getting South before the winter sets in, as it is fearful to think of spending a winter so near the north pole.

Remedies for Poisons.

Cases of poisoning often occur in which life might be saved, and hours of agony averted, if we only knew what to do in season. If a poison burns the throat and acts violently, upon the stomach swallow half a pint of sweet oil, or melted butter or lard, and within five minutes, take half a pint of warm water in which has been stirred a teaspoonful of ground mustard and salt. The oil arrests the action of the poison, and the mustard, and salt causes vomiting. If the poison swallowed does not burn the throat and act with instant violence, but causes sickness, stupor or faintness, swallow the white of three eggs; also a quantity of the strongest coffee it is possible to make, and a few minutes take the warm water and mustard and salt as before mentioned. An eminent physician says that with prompt use of oil, and white of eggs and strong coffee, and the emetic as above directed, the fatal result of any poison likely to fall in the way of man or child, may be always averted. These remedies are, in themselves, harmless, and might all be taken into the stomach at once, in any quantity without damage to the system; and they are things that we always have at hand. But while using these things don't fail to send for a physician. And above all, and first of all, don't have any poison around.

A Plain-spoken Western preacher delivered the following from his desk:
"I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting house, this morning, a small cotton umbrella much damaged by time and wear, and exceeding pale in color, in place of which was taken a large silk umbrella, and of great beauty.—Blunders of this kind, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common."

A youngster once happened to be playing in a room where his mother and a lady visitor were conversing. Another friend called in the meantime, and after she had left, the two commenced to discuss her peculiarities very freely. Willie was apparently busy with his toys; but after a while, looking up shrewdly he said to the visitor.

"Mrs Butler, that's the way mamma will talk about you when you go away."

"What can I give you for a keepsake, my dearest John?" sobbed out a sentimental girl to her scrappagee lover about to join his ship.

"Give, my angel!" cried Jack, in some confusion. "Them-why-why, you've not got such a thing as five dollar bill, I suppose, about you?"

An exchange paper begins a forcible appeal to his delinquents by this touching sentence: "We must *dun* or we must be done."

A young Missourian, eulogizing his girl's beauty, said: "I'll be doggoned if she ain't as purty as a red wagon."

Two Sharpers.

A noted sportsman, taking dinner at one of our clubs, exhibited a diamond ring of great beauty and apparent value on his finger. A gentleman present had a great passion for diamonds. After dinner, the parties met in the coffee, after much bantering the owner consented to barter the ring for the sum of six hundred dollars. As the buyer left the room, a suppressed tittering struck his ear. He concluded that the former owner had sold both the ring and the purchaser. He said nothing, but called the next day upon a jeweler, where he learned that the diamond was paste, and the ring was worth about twenty-five dollars. He examined some real diamonds, and found one closely resembling the paste in his own ring. He hired the diamond for a few days, pledged twelve hundred dollars, the price of it, and gave a hundred dollars for its use. He went to another jeweler, had the paste removed, and the real diamond set. His chums, knowing how he had been imposed upon, impatiently waited for his appearance the next night. To their astonishment they found him in high glee. He flourished his ring, boasted of his bargain, and said if any gentleman present had a twelve hundred dollar ring to sell for six hundred dollars, he knew of a purchaser. When he was told that the ring was paste, and that he had been cheated, he laughed at their folly. Bets were freely offered that the ring did not contain a real diamond. Two men bet \$1,000 each. Two \$500. All were taken. Umpires were chosen. The money and the ring were put into their hands. They went to a first-class jeweler, who applied all the tests, and who said the stone was worth without the setting, \$1,200. The buyer put the \$3,000 which he had won quietly in his pocket. He carried the diamond back and recalled his \$1,200, and with his paste ring on his finger went to his club. The man who sold the ring was waiting for him. He wanted to get the ring back; he attempted to turn the whole thing into a joke. He sold the ring, he said for fun. He never wore false jewels. He could tell a real diamond anywhere by its peculiar light. He would not be so mean as to cheat an old friend. He knew his friend would let him have the ring again. But his friend was stubborn—said that the seller thought it was paste, and intended to defraud him. At length, on the payment of \$700, the ring was restored. All parties came to the conclusion, when the whole affair came out, that when diamond cuts diamond again some one less sharp will be selected.—*Matthew Hale Smith.*

Remarkable Petrification.

About six years ago Mr. Amos Broughton died in Wayne County, in this State, and was buried there. After his death his widow and children moved to Buskirk's Bridge, in this County, where they now reside. A few days ago the family of the deceased resolved to bring the remains of the father from Wayne County, and have them deposited in a cemetery near their present residence. In furtherance of this purpose the grave was opened and the coffin exposed, but all ordinary efforts to lift it from its position proved ineffectual. The coffin lid was therefore removed, when it was found that the body was in the most perfect state of petrification. It was covered with a dry mould, which, when removed, revealed a surface almost as white and pure as marble. The body showed not the least particle of decay. Every feature and lineament was perfectly preserved, and when stood upright it presented the appearance of a finely, chiseled statue. When Mr. Broughton died he weighed about 200 pounds, while the remains had increased in weight by petrification, to 300 pounds. Before the body was interred at Buskirk, it was seen by the family, friends, and many others there. It is the most perfect and wonderful instance of petrification of human remains that has ever come to our knowledge.—[Troy Press.

Boston boasts a preacher who does a square piece of work once in a while.—He told his hearers the other day that many persons attended church "who might as well not; who would get more good from a stroll in the fields or in some other rational mode of improvement and enjoyment." Others he said went to church simply from force of habit (it is not a bad habit, at least), and the observance of a time honored custom; others to be seen and to see; others to be "superficially enlightened by eloquence," and still others to "pick flaws and make trouble." We thought Boston was more devout than this description would lead us to believe. In fact, it sounds exactly like a faithful description of a large class of people in this vicinity.

Information Wanted.

Of Willie Hillard, aged ten years, who left his home in Williamsport, on Tuesday, October 6th, and has not since been heard of by his parents. He is stout built, quick spoken, and intelligent. He has sandy hair, freckled face and light complexion. He was dressed in a lightish colored roundabout, lightish vest, bound, salt and pepper pantaloons, patched on one knee, a straw hat, and old boots. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by the father, W. P. Hillard, Williamsport, Pa. Newspapers will confer a favor by copying this notice.

The Editor—A School Boy's Composition.
A Schoolboy's composition on "The Editor" ran as follows, in a school not far from Cincinnati:

"The Editor.—The editor is one of the happiest animals in the known world.—He can go to the circus, afternoon and evening, without paying a cent; also to inquests and hangings. He has free tickets to picnics and strawberry festivals, gets wedding cake sent him and sometimes gets a licking, but not often, for he can take things back the next issue, which he generally does. I never knew only one editor to get licked. His paper busted that day and he couldn't take nothing back.

While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor can sit up late every night, and see all that's going on. The boys think it's a big thing to hang out till ten o'clock. When I am a man-mean to be an editor, so I can stay out nights. Then that will be bully. The editor don't have to saw any wood or do any chopping, except with his scissors. Railroads get up excursions for him, knowing if they didn't he'd make 'em get up and git. In politics he don't care much who he goes for if they are on his side.—If thee ain't he goes for 'em anyhow, so it amounts to nearly the same thing.—There is a great many people trying to be editors who can't and some of them have been in the profession for years.—They can't see it though. If I was asked if I had rather have a education or be a circus rider, I would say, let me go and be an editor."

Boys did you ever think that a potato's skin was designed to protect the mealy part from the action of the atmosphere, much as your own skin protects the more sensitive parts from the air, and that you ought to be about as careful not to break the skin of a potato as you are to bark your own knuckles or to bruise your choice winter apples? But who cares for a potato skin? And so they are knocked and bruised, and barked, and people wonder they don't come out mealy and sound.—N. E. Farmer.

A quakeress, jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant kissing and hugging his servant-girl. Broad-briem was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped through the half-opened door, and rising with all the coolness of a general officer, thus addressed her:

"Bestey, thee had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

A quakeress, jealous of her husband, watched his movements, and one morning actually discovered the truant kissing and hugging his servant-girl. Broad-briem was not long in discovering the face of his wife, as she peeped through the half-opened door, and rising with all the coolness of a general officer, thus addressed her:

"Bestey, thee had better quit peeping, or thee will cause a disturbance in the family."

U. S. SENATOR.—Pennsylvania will this winter elect a Republican U. S. Senator for six years ensuing, in place of the Hon. Charles R. Buckalew, Democrat. We do not know who will be candidates, but if faithful, efficient, untiring effort in securing the great triumph shall be considered, the name of Galusha A. Grow will be prominent among them.—N. Y. Tribune.

There was a singular death in California recently, or rather a life after a death ought to have been. In one of the hydraulic mines, a stream of water struck a man named Edward, threw him down and broke his neck. His body below the neck was completely paralyzed at once, but the head lived three days, and talked and felt as well as ever. The doctors say there never was anything like it.

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman, who was digging in his garden, "are you digging out a hole in that onion bed?"
"No," says Pat, "I am digging out the earth and leaving the hole."

When intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble an Englishman to eat, an Italian to fight, and an American to make a speech.

Some one says the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go, is to travel that way occasionally himself.

The president has pardoned James Atkinson, who has served fifteen months of imprisonment of a term of fifteen years, for counterfeiting.

A Mother reproved her three-year-old daughter for eating ice-cream. The infant replied—"I didn't eat em mamma; I only sucked the juice out of 'em."

An editor says the only reason why his house was not blown over in a late gale was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

A horse trotted twenty miles in 59 min. 23 sec., on the Riverside Park, Boston, on Saturday.

\$30,000 worth of property was destroyed by fire, in Lock Haven, on Friday night.